Eno Raud
A SUMMER'S TALES

Illustrated by
M. MITURICH

The Chick Who Wanted to Cluck

All the animals in the poultry-yard knew that the fluffy little yellow chick very much wanted to learn how to cluck. But she just couldn't. The older chicks laughed heartily at her when, instead of a loud and proud cluck-cluck-cluck, all that came out was a pitiful little cheep-cheep-cheep.

"Why do you so much want to cluck?" her mummy asked in perplexity.

"Just to be able to cluck, of course," the little chick said with a sigh. "But I can't possibly cluck if I haven't learnt how to."

And yet, however hard she tried, she never managed to cluck and just peeped in a thin little voice "cheep-cheep-cheep."

The days passed, and the yellow chick grew into a beautiful white hen so gradually that you didn't even notice it. We all know that any fully grown hen is sure to be able to cluck. But although our little chick forgot how to cheep, she still wasn't able to cluck any more than she had been before.

She was so annoyed that she even began stuttering and, instead of the usual "kokokok", she said "ko-ko-kok".

The old cock tried to comfort her several times.

"Don't be sad," he said. "Your time will come. Every hen must have a serious reason for clucking. Are you likely to be able to cluck without any good reason? Just wait a bit."

His words didn't comfort the hen in the least and she'd waited for so long that she lost all hope.

But, one morning, she laid a big, white, smooth egg. And wanting to share her joy with the whole poultry-yard, she cried out in a loud voice, "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" She didn't mean to cluck at all. She just simply wanted to know where she should put this very special, shining egg and clucked out for advice. Or perhaps she just wanted to show off a little: cluck, listen all you other hens, could anyone else possibly lay such a big and beautiful egg, cluck! cluck! She was very pleased indeed and all round the poultry-yard you could hear her loud and proud "Cluck-cluck-cluck! Cluck-cluck-cluck! Cluck-cluck-cluck!"

The Baby Rabbits

Long-eared Mrs. Rabbit had seven fluffy rabbits. One day as Mrs. Cow was munching grass by their hutch, she asked Mrs. Rabbit, "Tell me the truth, you must keep mixing up your children all the time, mustn't you?"

"Whyever should I mix them up?" said Mrs. Rabbit in surprise. "You can see for yourself. Look, that's this little bunny, that's that little bunny, that's that one, that's that one, that's that one, that's that one and that's that one. How could you mix them up?"

"But they're all white," said Mrs. Cow. "Identically white all over."

"So what," Mrs. Rabbit said with a smile. "You just look carefully. That's this little white bunny, that's that little white bunny, that's that one, that's that one, that's that one, that's that one and that's that one."

"Mooooo!" said Mrs. Cow obstinately. "But all their eyes are red too. Identically red. I'm sure that sometimes you mix them up just the same."

"But I don't at all! Just take a proper look at them: that's this little white bunny with red eyes, that's that

little white bunny with red eyes, that's that one, that's that one, that's that one, that's that one and that's that one."

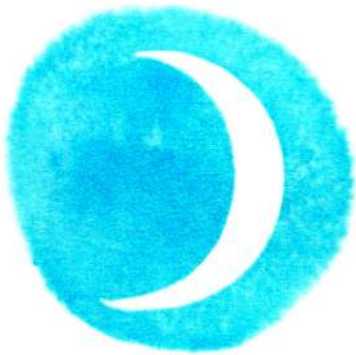
Mrs. Rabbit thought to herself that large Mrs. Cow couldn't be very bright. Even the young little bunnies themselves never mixed each other up.

Mrs. Cow looked very carefully indeed but she still couldn't understand how you could tell all those identically white bunnies with their identically red eyes apart.

"Mooooo!" she said importantly. "It's so much easier with little calves. You can never confuse them. Particularly mine. He's got brown and not red eyes. And he's not just white, but white with black patches. There's no other calf in the world with patches like his."

And with a contented smile Mrs. Cow set off home...

How the Dog was Woken up



The dog guarded the house and the yard all night long. Dawn was breaking when she eventually lay down to sleep. In the morning, yawning and having a nice stretch, the cow, the pig and the sheep came out of the barn. Walking round the yard, they came up to the dog-kennel and saw the dog there alseep.

"Moo," said the cow. "Good morning!"

"Grunt-grunt," said the pig. "Good morning! Hello!"

"Baa," said the sheep.

Half-asleep, the dog heard their words in the distance but she was so tired that she didn't even open her eyes.

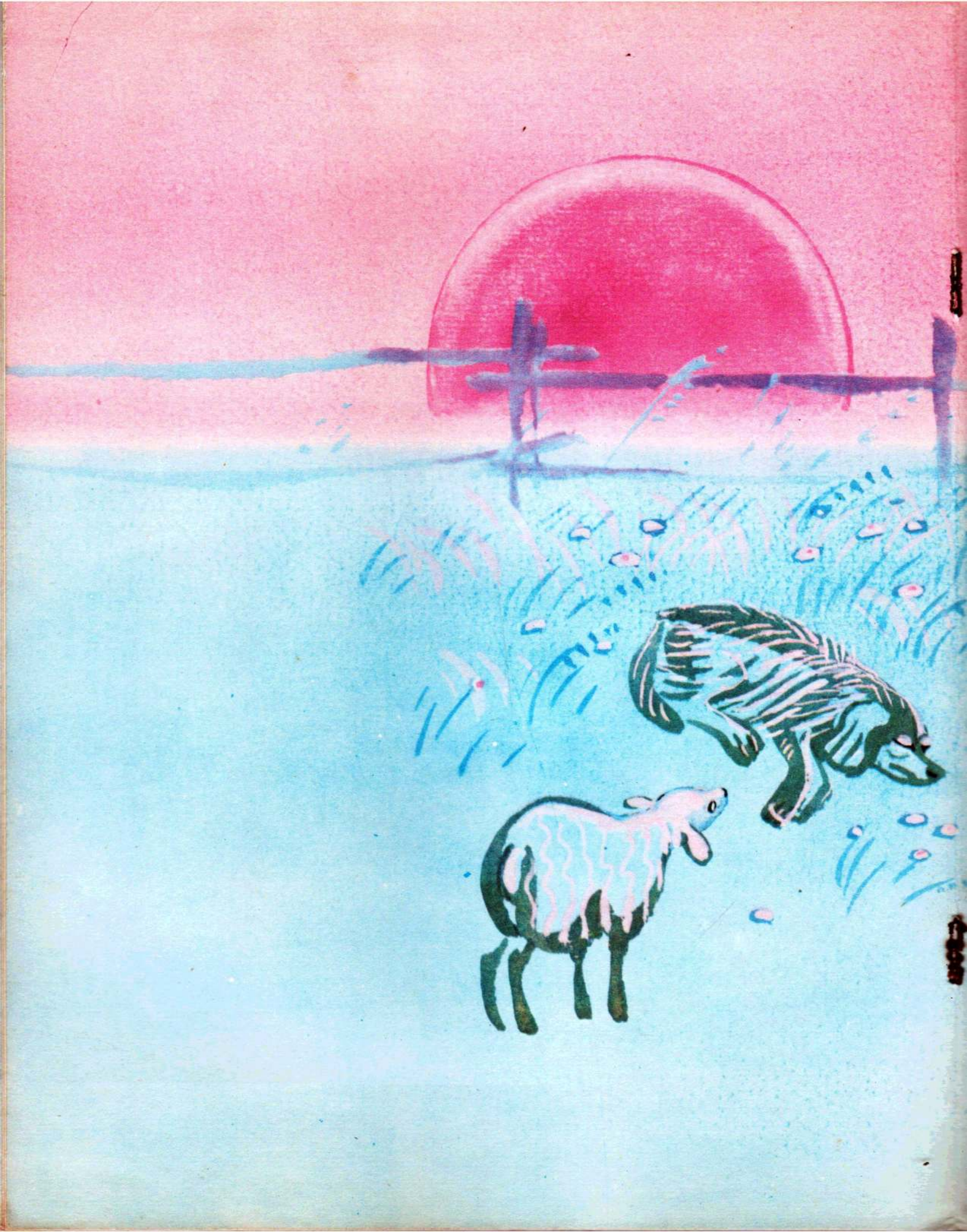
"Moo," said the cow. "How impolite!"

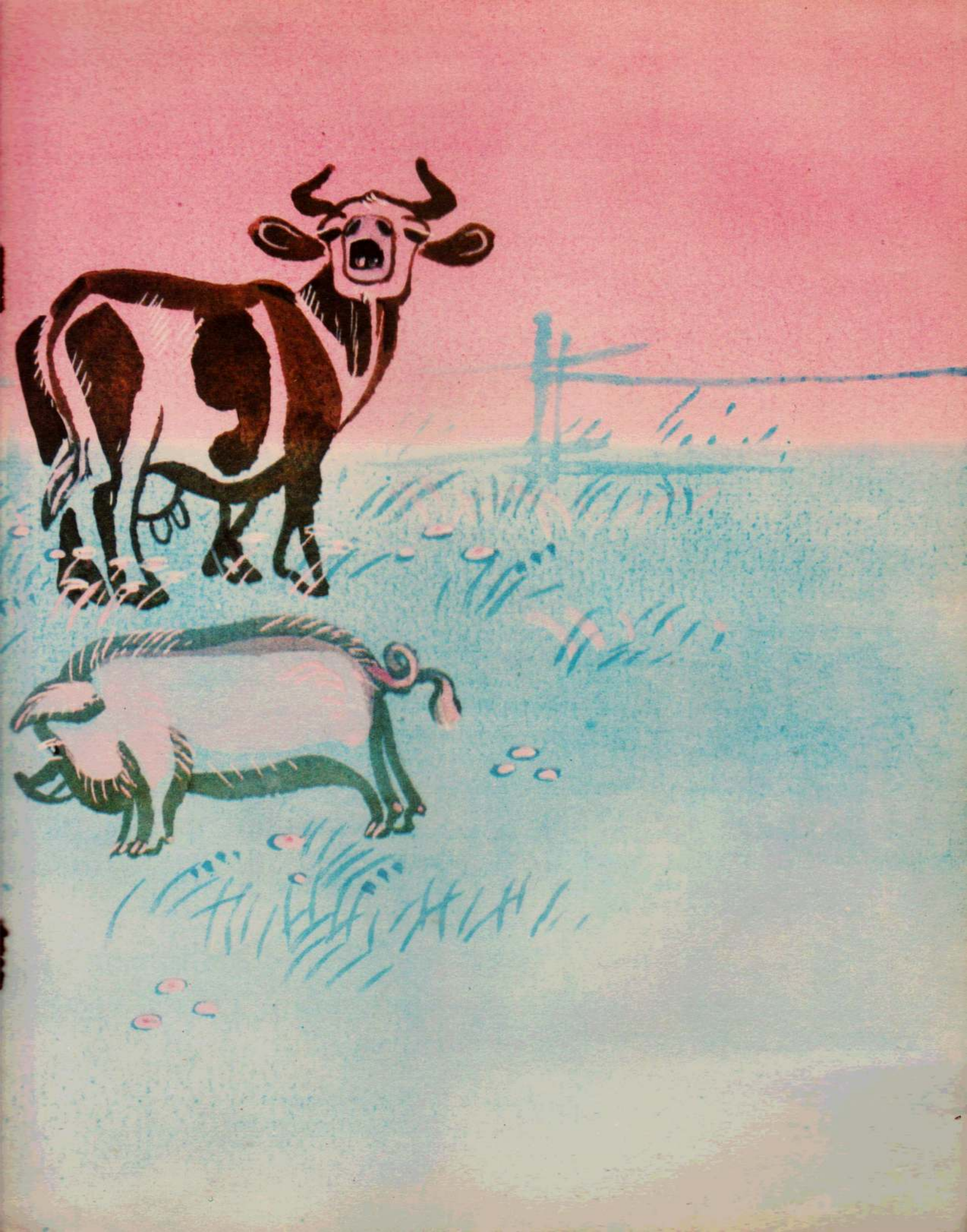
"Grunt-grunt," said the pig. "Very impolite indeed. You'd think she'd gone deaf."

"Baa," said the sheep.

But the dog just turned over onto her other side and went on sleeping.

"Moo," said the cow. "How lazy!"





"Grunt-grunt," said the pig. "Very lazy indeed. And impolite too."

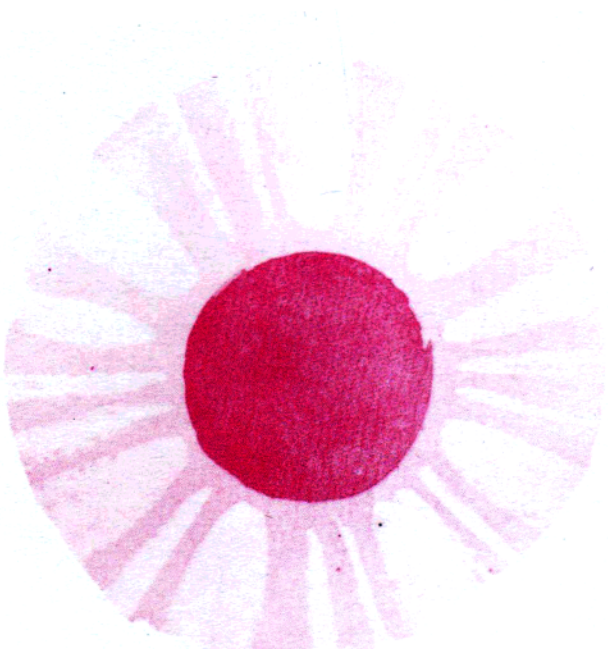
"Baa," said the sheep.

The dog was annoyed and wanted to explain why she was sleeping so late that morning. But she only managed to say "Wuff, wuff, wuff," when, frightened by the barking, the cow, the pig and the sheep took to their heels... They ran and ran and didn't stop to draw breath until they were far away in the distant fields.

"Moo," said the cow. "That miserable mongrel can't even talk sensibly."

"Grunt-grunt," said the pig. "Can't talk indeed. Just wuffs like a dog."

"Baa," said the sheep.



The Angry Turkey

All the animals in the farm-yard knew that the turkey was bad-tempered. He was angry in the morning and in the evening. And during the day. Every day. And at night, too. He was even angry in his sleep. He probably had unpleasant dreams.

"Whyever is he always so cross?" the hens said, thinking very hard indeed.

"Perhaps he's got a bad liver," the ducks suggested. "People are always bad-tempered if they have a bad liver."

"But he doesn't," said the geese, who knew everything. "He's just a fop and a dandy. He makes himself angry on purpose in order to look more handsome. When he's angry the sack under his chin turns red and it is extremely attractive!"

The cock couldn't restrain his curiosity and went to the turkey to find out everything for himself.

"Well, Mr. Turkey, can you tell me truthfully why you are always angry?"

The turkey thought and thought and then said importantly, "The rage boiling inside me collects and makes me heavy at heart. Sometimes it just stifles me."

"Why don't you try letting fly with your anger when that happens? You would probably feel better," suggested the cock who liked giving wise advice.

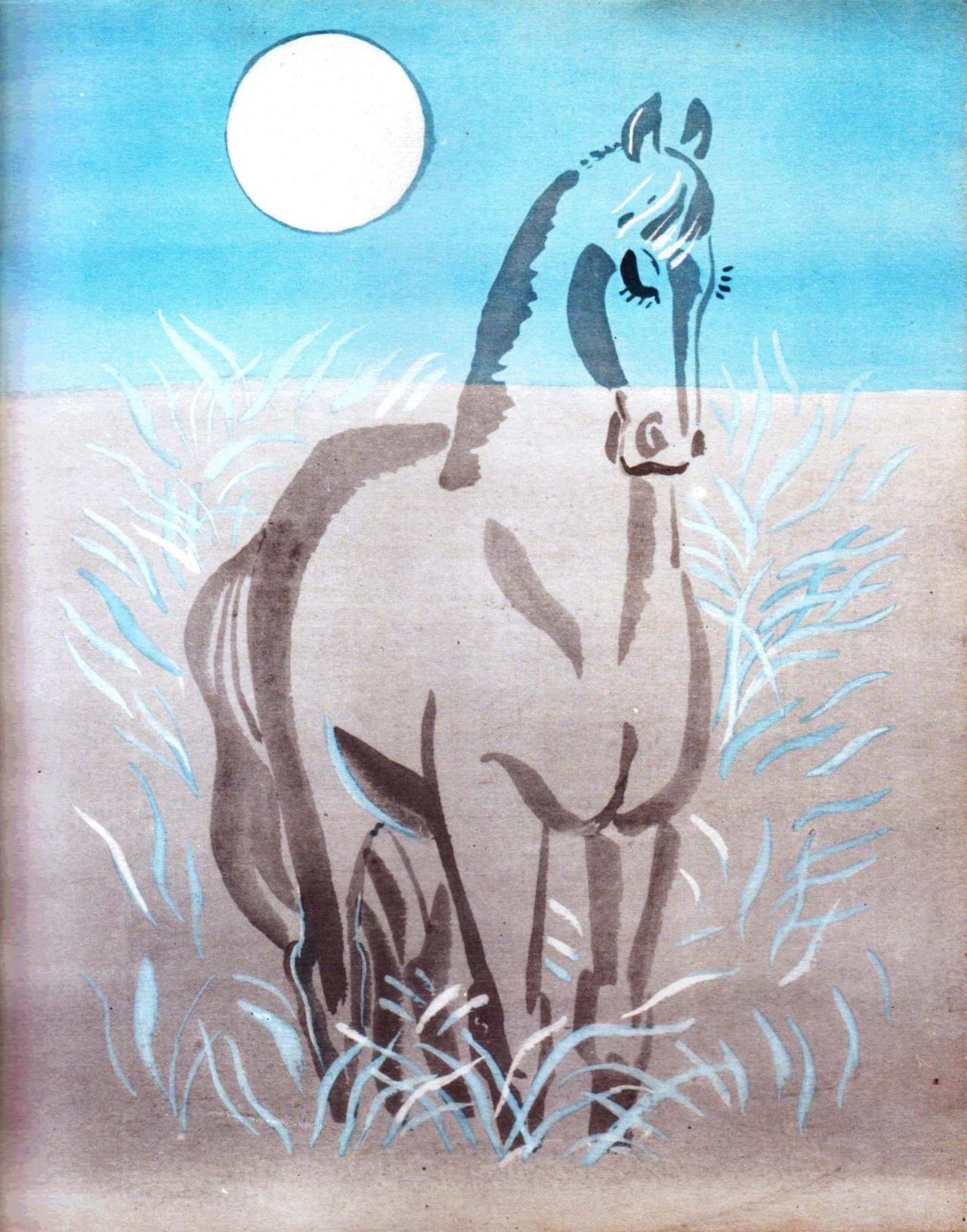
The turkey grew thoughtful again. His chin turned red and began to swell out.

"Why not," he said in a quiet, menacing voice and he let fly at the cock. The feathers from the cock's splendid tail flew in all directions. After that, no one in the poultry-yard ever asked the turkey again why he was so bad-tempered.

Neigh

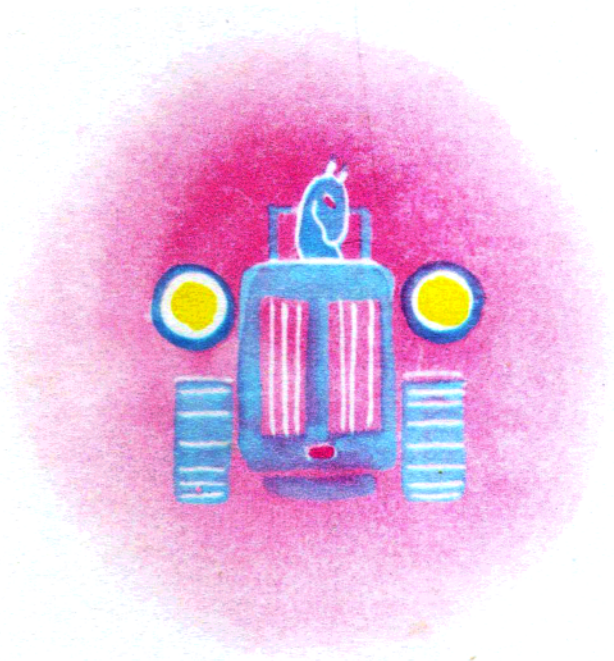
The horse had strange dreams all night long... First of all she dreamt that she was cast out of shining bronze and was standing up proudly on a pedestal. There was an impressive horseman holding a sword, sitting motionless in her saddle. This was all very beautiful and majestic, but the horse suddenly wanted to jump down from the pedestal and gallop around on the soft green grass. She strained as hard as she could but couldn't move an inch: her legs were as heavy as lead and it seemed as if her hooves were rooted in the solid bronze base...

It was a very unpleasant dream and the horse was extremely glad when she woke up. She soon fell asleep again. This time, instead of a bronze statue, she dreamt she was a wooden horse standing on two curved rockers. There was a little boy on her back skillfully tugging at her reins and rocking merrily to and fro, to and fro, to and fro.



The horse wanted to start neighing, to kick up her hooves and gallop away as fast as her swift legs could carry her. But instead of that she just kept on rocking, to and fro, to and fro, to and fro. This dream wasn't very pleasant either.

Just before dawn she had a third dream. This time she dreamt she was a tractor. She gave a loud hoot, tugged hard and dragged a huge plough along behind her. Soon the furrows of moist, freshly turned soil stretched back far into the distance. The horse went on dreaming until she had ploughed the whole field and then woke up. She was very tired, of course, but she was in a very good mood, too, because everyone is always pleased to have worked so well. And so, when she woke up, she gave a cheerful "Neighhh!"



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